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THE ARCHON

Dummer Academy



November Number

1908

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THE ARCHON

Published Monthly in the Interest of the Students of Dummer Academy

Vol. 3—New Series *NOVEMBER, 1908.* *No. 1*



THE ROUND-UP.

In the State of Washington many years ago, I lived upon a small farm with an old pal of mine.

During the summer most of our time was spent gathering horses and cattle for several weeks, when cowboys from miles around would gather at our ranch and we would form what is called a " round-up."

On a beautiful morning in July, the sun, just rising over the old rocky ridge, was casting her brilliant rays over the green fields and meadows which surrounded our little farm. Now and then could be heard the distant wailing of some tall pine as if in distress.

We were all astir bright and early that morning getting things in readiness for the start.

We each had seven saddle horses one for each day in the week and four pack horses, also to carry the provisions which were very scant.

The way in which the horses are gathered is very simple. The boys spread out several miles around, and in this way they are able to get nearly every horse on the range.

Then in the course of the day they are driven to some corral where they are kept over night.

In the evening when the boys come to a halt for the night, camp is made. The tired and hungry packhorses are led up to the camp and relieved of their heavy burdens. After this has been done the other horses are hobbled (feet chained together) and turned loose on the prairie, free to roam at will until the next morning. When the ranger still half asleep looks out upon the grey, misty morning he sees blank space. During the night the horses have strayed many miles away to unknown places, but are at length found and driven back to the corrals to be saddled for the day's ride.

The evening meal is then prepared with great haste as the boys are very nearly starved from their days journey and are anxious to partake of their supper, which generally consists of bread, bacon and coffee. The bread is made by one of the boys and put in a frying pan in front of the bon-fire, sometimes called "punk." This is the rude way in which most of the cowboys fare.

At four o'clock in the morning the boys have their breakfast and then prepare to brand the horses. The cowboy enters the corral and separates the horses, putting them into different yards and leaving the main yard open. A horse is then turned in, roped and tied ready to meet the cruel tortures of the iron, which cause the horses to undergo great agony.

Some of the "outlaws" (a horse that can not be broken) are then saddled under great difficulties and mounted by the "bronco busters," who seldom ever leave the saddle, while some are unfortunately tossed high in the air to be made the laughing stock of the crowd. This sort of life is kept up for periods of several weeks at a time, in which the boys have an opportunity to have all the roughing they care for.

Often in my idle moments have I looked back to the good, old times spent on the range and have often wished that I might be back again at my old haunts in the Wild and Wooley West.

NELSON RICH.

October 5, 1908.

HOGAN'S SIGNALS.

In the *small* room of one of the large dormitories of Newcomb's Academy a *small* hunchback lay comfortably upon a heap of pillows on the couch. He had a scrap of paper on which he had drawn diagrams and worked out figures. Feeling satisfied with his work he got up, donned an overcoat and cap, and folded the paper carefully in his inside pocket.

With a determined step he walked to the car line, the cool air seeming to brace him up. As he walked he seemed to fear detection, for he glanced back and hurried on.

At last he reached a small house in Watersville and knocking at the door, he waited for some one to open it.

As the door glided open he perceived his friend "Joe" whom his father was helping through Waterville high school. They passed into the adjoining room and the following conversation ensued.

"Well, Joe, I've come to see you on important business."

"About my school year, I suppose"?

"No! its about this football game between us Newcomb boys and your team", the wizzened hunchback explained. "You see its this way, my sister is dead stuck on that Hogan and he is the meanest man in the school. I've tried to break her from him and have almost succeeded. All I need is to have him beaten and I have won. You know how she liked you before she saw Hogan and if you are the one to defeat him you can easily win her back. If you know Hogan's signals, you can easily do that.

Saying this the hunchback drew the carefully prepared paper from his inner pocket and opened it. Joe grew deathly white as he guessed the thing the hunchback wanted him to do. It flashed across his mind quickly. It was true he loved Miss Mildred and that she had thought a great deal of him but he could not be guilty of this deed even for her.

The hunchback watched his face and finally said, "You know I can have father keep you out of school if you do not do it, and besides you will lose Mildred. Now I will tell you what I will do, I will give you their signals and if you beat Hogan, beat him good and hard, humiliate

him, I will see that father puts you through Waterville High school.

"I wont!" cried Joe, "I can't" and seizing the papers he tore them up and threw the pieces into the fireplace.

"Now you've made a nice mess of it, supposing you had 4, 6 and 8 for key numbers and the left side were odd numbers, 1, 3, 5, etc., what would the right side be?"

"Even," replied Joe, unaware that he was repeating the enemies signals, "9, 10, 12."

"Ha, ha, ha" laughed the hunchback as he felt he had triumphed. There you know the signals, now play as you never played before.

Joe sank into a chair pale and unsteady, while the hunchback was getting ready to leave.

"Good bye, old boy, remember, play your hardest and yours is the gain."

As the door slammed Joe sat reflecting and it was with a start that he jumped up saying "Lord! what have I done?" and then sank back in his chair.

That night he spent a hard night, thrashing about and thinking until he was so exhausted he fell asleep.

* * * * * * *

The afternoon was an ideal day for the game, the bleachers and grandstands were growing noisy, and red and white flags and ribbons decked everything: red for the academy and white for the high school.

The referee's whistle sounded and the game began.

Both teams rushed into the game with a will, but Joe couldn't play as he usually did. Glancing up into the big stand he saw Mildred waving a red piece of ribbon tied to a cane, while her brother sat gazing intently upon the plays. Joe staggered into plays blindly but well and the first half closed with the score 0-0.

The second half was to be short, so both teams went out with the determination to win. Hogan's team had the ball and had worked two or three plays when a piece of red ribbon fluttered down beside Joe, Joe saw pencil marks on it and read, "Play, Hogan has changed signals," a thrill of joy shot through Joe and he jumped into the game with renewed vigor. Somehow or other Hogan had taken the ball and was rushing straight for Waterville's goal with a clear field ahead. Joe had been knocked over, but he got up quickly and chased his opponent. Tearing down the field at breakneck speed Joe gained upon him and not until Joe was almost upon him did Hogan notice that he was after him. With renewed energy he darted ahead only to be tackled in air by Joe. A shout went up from the grand stand for the ball was rolling upon the field untouched. Seeing the ball rolling towards his own goal, Joe leaped upon it and started up the field. His team formed an interference and he cleared the field for a touchdown just as the referee's whistle sounded for the finish. The plucky Waterville quarterback kicked a beautiful goal and the game was over.

That night Mildred and her brother visited Joe and applauded him. He had played his own game.

MY POLICY.

Obedience is one great law of the universe. Obedience to father, mother, the nation and God. Just now it is obedience to the laws of a private institution like Dummer Academy.

Obedience to be correct in the

compliance with that which is required by authority or subjugation to rightful constraint or control.

A person can be dutiful, respectful, compliant and submissive, and he is obedient. But! Will not the so-called proverb, "the worm will turn" break forth at times? If it doesn't that person is a coward. Treat him or her as a malefactor, and watch the result. Go at them in a "hammer and tong" style, hit their moral feeling of revenge, set them down as a mere machine running at will.

Yes, this school runs like a machine. If it stops you try to start it up again. You succeed for a time or so, but at another time you do something not good for the machine and it refuses to go. So it is with boys. Try to tie them down by stringent methods given out in a time of heated anguish and you find the boy growing more and more from the peaceable, submissive kind, to the do or dare kind, willing to break all authority for the sake of getting back at his teacher. You say, "How does it reflect on the instructor?" It is this way. The instructor is harsh, takes things too much to heart; imposes what he thinks will calm the boy down, but which really tends to arouse his feeling of resentment, and is severely strict over small things. You say this is necessary.

That boy goes forth from the institution, much depends on the word of that boy as to whether or not other boys will come. Let him get an impression altogether that this place is a mere "jail with a bread and water diet," and you can readily see the end of the school. What is to blame?

Take the wrong doer, plead with him, let him see his faults, teach him the mistakes he makes, have him do his best to correct them. If he is thickheaded don't get discouraged and angry. Give the fellow a show. Don't attack the whole community for the action of one or two of the whole.

WORDSWORTH THE NATURALIST.

If you would put yourself in touch with him you must put yourself in touch with his themes. You cannot understand him in an easy chair, with your feet on the fender. No! you must go out into the realm of wonder and beauty, climb the hills, wander across the meadows, watch the changing cloud forms and sky colors, look into the meanest flower that blooms, keep an open ear to the songs of birds and sighs of winds, and count no object, no man, common or unclean. Do this, preserving while you do it the humble heart and devote mind, and Wordsworth's secret will in due time be yours. He will not chant for the triumphs of the great, but for the sorrows of the humble and poor.

The character, too, of the man, affords glorious companionship. Literary records portray no nobler example of emulation, poverty, simplicity, frugality and meekness. He was unassuming, fearless and free. What was more inspiring, what more needful in those days of patronage and popularity than the example of one who with unflinching consistency, held on to his own high ideals, refusing temptation which offered a ready-made reputation, and bearing up bravely beneath the sneers and jeers of contemporaries.

But Wordsworth was convinced that he was right, he had firm faith in his ideals, and he knew it would

be accepted eventually. He had firm faith in the instincts of mankind and knew that finally the world would listen to his song. There was moral fiber in the man. The world could neither turn him aside from his purpose nor hurry him towards its consummation. He marched amid vice as stainlessly, and with as stately a tread, as he marches in his poems. He held his head high in the permissible pride of strength. What he says of Milton we may as truly say of him:—

"Thy soul was like a star and dwelt apart;
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea;
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,
So didst Thou travel on life's common way,
In cheerful godliness, and yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on herself did lay."

Simple and unassuming as his fellow dalesmen, fearless and free as his own mountain winds, a poet by birth, a poet by choice, he lived in the eye of nature and at a ripe old age breathed away his soul to Nature's God.

BERYL HOWARD CHILDS.

A DUEL IN THE ANIMAL WORLD.

Not very many years ago, two hunters were making their way up the side of a mountain. It was late in the afternoon and the long shadows lay across their path. They began to look around for a place to pitch their camp, but as there was no place in sight, they continued on their way. At last as they turned the corner of a big ledge, they saw to their astonishment one of the handsomest and at the same time strangest sights that they had ever seen.

Below them stretched a glade of some five or six acres in extent. It was bordered on all sides by lofty mountains. A small stream flowed through it like a ribbon of silver. Its banks were fringed with a heavy growth of grass which extended back to the forest covered mountains.

A herd of elk were feeding in the glade in perfect unsuspecting peace. The birds were singing their evening songs, chirping and twittering to each other and flying about hunting for their evening meal. The leader of the elk was a huge fellow, with wide, spreading antlers; he was the largest of them and seemed always on the lookout for danger. As the herd fed down the valley they passed a little wooded point which stretched out into the open glade. Just as the big leader passed it the bushes were burst asunder and a huge animal rushed out! Down went the elk before a stroke of the paw of the grizzly, for such the animal proved to be. The rest of the herd dashed away, but the leader did not move, for he was dead, slain by one stroke of that huge paw.

The grizzly placed one foot on the body and started to devour it, but at this moment another grizzly, if possible, larger than the first, appeared on the scene. The newcomer saw the dead elk and decided to have part of it. He went forward to get his part, but the rightful owner did not see it in the same light and stepped forward to dispute the claim. The other hesitated only a second, and then rushed to the com-

bat. The two bears met a short distance from the elk and clinched, biting and striking each other; then they separated and again clashed; standing unright like trained wrestlers, they climbed up and fell and rolled over and over; then they parted, but one of them had received a hurt, for the blood was flowing down his sides from an ugly gash caused by the sharp claws of his opponent. For a few seconds they eyed each other and then rushed forward, but this time the newcomer a little too slow and was met by the blow of his opponent's paw which would have felled an ox. Down he went in a heap but recovered himself and renewed the fight. Half and hour passed but neither could gain any advantage over his adversary. They were both bleeding from several cuts and they were very tired.

At length, after a sharp scuffle, the owner of the elk gained a slight advantage over the other. He followed it up, the other wavered, turned and ran, but the victor did not follow for he was too tired.

He returned to his victim and lay down to lick his wounds. After a short rest he got up and taking the hard earned prize in his teeth dragged it into the bushes and disappeared from sight. Only the trampled grass remained to give proof of the terrific combat.

The two men, who, spellbound, had watched the encounter descended to the valley and pitched their camp beside the stream.

Night settled down over the little glade. The campfire of the men twinkled in the darkness. Thus ended one of the duels of the Animal World.

L. R., '09.

THE STOLEN PRIZE.

Early in the seventeenth century, when America was inhabited principally by Indians, there was a small town at the mouth of the Chesapeake, in the colony of Virginia named St. George, after the patron saint of England.

In this town were almost two hundred white inhabitants, mostly of English descent, who had fled from England, because they had been prosecuted on account of their religion.

The settlement, althought not quite a year old was florishing and was in quite friendly terms with the neighboring Indians.

At the time of which I speak two children were born in the colony, a boy and a girl. As they were the first children to be born in the settlement affectionate attention was paid them, but not to the point, however, of spoiling them.

The children grew up together until they were about eight years of age and naturally became very much attached to each other.

About this time, however, a band of northern Indians were visiting their southern allies, and hearing of the beauty of the little girl, determined to take her captive and bring her up as an Indian squaw, accordingly, about dusk one evening as the two children were playing together on the edge of the settlement, they perceived three Indians in bright colored paint approach them from the forest. Being accustomed to friendly visits from the neighboring tribes, they suspected nothing, and continued their romp.

The Indians approached the children very quietly and one of them picked the little girl up in his arms and started to run towards the for-

est. The little boy commenced to cry aloud, but one of the Indians stopped him by drawing a hatchet, and threatened to kill him if he made a noise. When their comrade had reached the forest with his prize, the other two Indians left their captive and disappeared in the woods also.

The little lad thus left alone was so frightened he could not move, and he sat there for a long time until finally his father came after him. Perceiving the boy alone the father asked where his playmate was. The lad sobbing told of the kidnapping of his little sweetheart.

Taking the child by the hand the father ran into the village proclaiming the theft as he ran.

The news spread rapidly and before nightfall a band of fifty armed men were searching the nearby forests. They searched for more than a fortnight, but without finding the little child.

The years passed by swiftly but brought no news of the little girl. In the meantime the boy, Fred by name, had grown to be a very sturdy youth, he could use a rifle to perfection, being in fact one of the best shots in the village. Most of his time was spent in hunting but he never forgot his little playmate who was stolen by the Indians so long before.

Sometimes at night he would go out to the spot and pray that he might some day find her and bring her back home.

* * * * * * *

Mary, for that was the girl's name, upon reaching the Indian village, was very much frightened; but the old squaws took her and treated her very kindly, and before long she grew accustomed to the Indian way of living. So she grew up a most beautiful woman, much admired by all of the young braves.

Although treated very kindly by every one, Mary was not content with the life she was forced to lead and so watched for a chance to escape, but in vain.

* * * * * * *

One day while out hunting with two or three young men, his companions, Fred happened upon an Indian encampment of three wigwams, guarded by three old squaws and a young maid, who, although dressed like an Indian, looked very much like an English girl. Cautiously the four companions approached, with Fred in the lead. The young maid perceived them. Then hastily glancing over her shoulder to see if the squaws were looking, and observing them to be asleep she ran forth to meet the white men. Without saying a word she beckoned them to retreat into the bushes and followed them in silence.

As they reached the cluster of young trees, Fred went forward to meet her. One look and they recognized each other instantly. The youth was so elated over the recovery of his sweetheart, that he shouted aloud for joy. But the shout was costly as it aroused the squaws who were not far distant. They immediately set up a yell and followed in pursuit of their captive and her rescuers. One of the squaws was shot and killed, while another was wounded in the chase. After about an hour's hard run the fugitives arrived at the settlement. Fred was at the head walking hand in hand with Mary, the others following at a distance.

Two weeks later there was a wedding in the settlement and another log cabin constructed.

C, S. R., '09,



THE ARCHON

Published Monthly In the Interest of the Students of Dummer Academy.

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VOL. III. New Series. No. 1.
November, 1908.

The ARCHON wishes to give all a most hearty greeting, and a warm welcome for the year 1908-1909.

It is the intention of the Board of Editors of the ARCHON, to make this year's editions greatly exceed the editions of previous years, in every respect, and to succeed in our desire, we beg the most hearty support of the school as a whole.

The prospects of a good foot-ball team this year are very favorable, although there are but four men left from last year's team. There is some good material in the school, and if the fellows will give Mr. Hawkins and Captain Robson their hearty support, a winning team should result. Let every one come out and try. No matter whether you have ever played before or not.

It is desired that the alumni of Dummer Academy be not backward in contributions, but show their loyalty to the school in this manner. We are very much interested in what our graduates are doing and it will be very acceptable if they will enlighten us in this particular by articles of some kind concerning themselves.

All the last year's students who have returned this year miss our dear friend and teacher, Mr. Daniel Wilkins, very much. Mr. Wilkins has decided to try the matrimonial game and we all most heartily wish him joy.



Rich in Money;
But Poor is Spending it.

The man from the Wooley West says, "You people from this here East are awf'ly ignerant. Why, if you fellers went West, they'd shoot you in Seattle." Say, Mr. Man, is that why you came East?

Say Pal! What Pal!

"Well, fellows, when I took my exam. for a professional 'Shoffer,' I took a look up the street and saw, —O, say fellows—a *Superb* Figure." O, Bean Soup!

Ever since the cars run late, old Thursites takes an extra five minutes of delight.

Collins, the famous soloist, renders very favorable selections every morning for his health on the car. Ask him to sing.

"Hello!"

Want to match coins?

What's the matter with the football team?

Preston, the money fiend—"I'll match you for a dollar." Don't all speak at once.

Whitlock (going to practice football)—"Gee! Ain't I big; the Newburyport fellows will be frightened when they see me." (The big noise).

There was a young man named Blair,
And he was exceedingly bare;
They all called him "Opie,"
For he was quite "Dopie,"
'Till the "Black Hand" freed him from care.

An Indian scalps his enemy, a white man skins his friend.

Kiss is a noun, 'though generally used as a conjunction. It is never declined; and is more common than proper. Is not very singular and is generally used in the plural. It agrees with me.

A well-written and clever piece of poetry is printed in the *Herald*. We like it so much that we take the liberty to print it below:

I had a little pony,
His name was Cicero;
I loaned him to a friend of mine
To pass an exam. or so.
He rode him to the limit,
And was really doing well;
But professor got the pony,
And gave the pupil—zero.

Heard at the table: Preston speaking aloud)—"What is the most peculiar name you ever heard for a colored person?"

Whitlock—"White."

Marr—"I've got a job next summer as a blacksmith in a restaurant."

Rich—"What doing?"

Marr—"Shooing flies."

Notes of our comrades:

Arones—Ambition: To become a Priest. Occupation: Studying. Wanted: To learn Greek.

Blair—Ambition: To become fat. Occupation: Playing football. Wanted: Mullin's Baby Food.

Childs—Ambition: To remain a Child: Occupation: Fussing on H— St. Wanted: A nurse.

Carver—Ambition: To hit someone with his mighty left arm. Occupation: Playing football. Wanted: Two arms for the next dance.

W. Gifford—Ambition: To be a ladies' man. Occupation: Loving?

H. Holden—Ambition: To become a student. Occupation: Growling. Wanted: A trip to Boston.

R. Holden—Ambition: To be a man. Occupation: Sporting. Wanted: A pompadour.

Marr—Ambition: To be a H. A. M. Occupation: Sleeping. Wanted: A lady friend?

Preston—Ambition: To become a good liar. Occupation: Telling the truth. Wanted: A Cicero pony.

Ray—Ambition: To get married. Occupation: Getting a housekeeper. Wanted: To become a tailor.

Rich—Ambition: To play football. Occupation: To cook nothing. Wanted: A young lady not engaged.

Robson—Ambition: To own a ranch. Occupation: Writing letters. Wanted: A private stenographer.

Whitlock—Ambition: To become big. Occupation. Fussing. Wanted: Some one to call him "Dearie." We believe he would Love-it.

We are pleased to state that the Commons is very efficiently heated this fall by the Holden Hot Air.

Childs, Ray and Whitlock, are, without doubt, the champion fussers of Dummer Academy. Although we believe Mr. Allen and Mr. Cunningham are very close seconds. Ask Miss F——d.

Hurrah! for the three jolly bachelors, W. Gifford, Marr and Robson. The latter's name has been protested. It is the claim of the society that he writes to a certain young lady in the Sunny South more often than the bylaws will permit.

Blair, the strongest man in Dummer, can lick any six mosquitos around Byfield.

We see that H. H. is still the walking fashion plate for George M. Cohan.

H. H. the *bean soup* artist, illustrates for the *Police Gazette of* Squirrel Island.

ATHLETICS.

On Tuesday, September 29th a meeting of the Athletic Association was called. Mr. B. H. Childs of Chicago, was elected chairman, and opened the meeting by electing the following officers for the year 1908-1909.

President, Charles S. Robson.
Secretary, Henry A. Marr.
Treasurer, Dr. Charles S. Ingham.

During the meeting the business of the association was discussed and Mr. Preston was elected manager of the foot-ball team for the present season.

After the meeting adjourned the members of last year's foot-ball team assembled and elected Charles S. Robson, left halfback of the 1907 team, captain for the present season.

TRACK.

On Wednesday, September 30th, Dummer entered a five-man team in the meet held at the Amesbury Fair.

Although the team did not win a place among the first of the competing schools, considering the short while they had been in training, they made a very favorable showing.

The meet was between the following schools: Amesbury High, Sanborn Seminary, Newburyport High and Dummer, who finished in the named order.

For Dummer, Caldwell was the principal star. He won the 440-yard run after a most spectacular finish. Finished fourth in the 100-yard finals, and fourth in the high jump.

In the half-mile race, Carver for Dummer ran a beautiful race and would have finished an easy second, and in all probabilities first had not he slipped in the sand as he started to sprint in the home stretch and fallen.

Robson, Dummer's only entry in the shot-put, evidently had an off day, as his best put was only 31 feet, six inches.

In practice he has put the shot 35 feet, two inches, without much difficulty.

His first attempt, on which he fouled, was 33 feet, four inches, which was six inches better than any opponent's put. Because of the foul this did not count. He, however, made fourth place and came within an inch of third place.

The summary of the events was as follows, with points made in each:

	A.	S.	N.	D.
100-yard dash	5	1	3	—
120-yard hurdles	6	3	—	—
440-yard run	4	—	—	5
880-yard run	—	6	3	—
1-mile run	1	8	—	—
High jump	5	3	—	1
Broad jump	5	3	1	—
Pole vault—Not counted.				
Shot put	1	5	3	—

Relay race, 5. No other team on track.

Total points: Amesbury 32; Sanborn 29; Newburyport 10; Dummer 6.

Starter and referee, Frank McCormack.

Field judges: Joseph Brown, John O'Brien and J. Sheehan.

Timers: G. W. King and E. Klark.

Other officials: Dr. C. S. Ingham, Dummer and W. E. Andrews, Sanborn.

FOOTBALL.

Haverhill High 32. Dummer 0.

On Saturday, Oct. 3rd, Dummer went to Haverhill with only nine men and played the high school a practice game. Considering Dummer had had but two days' practice and Haverhill had been practicing for over three weeks, the score was not really as bad as it looks.

Because of lack of practice, Dummer played a very loose and ragged game, although there was some excellent work done by Captain Robson, who made some very difficult tackles and got off a number of beautiful punts. Rich at quarter played a very good game on the defensive; also making some pretty tackles. However, he runs his team too slow. Caldwell, Childs and Whitlock showed up very well in their respective positions.

Haverhill played a very steady and clean game. The best of sportsmanship and friendliness being shown on both sides during the entire game.

The line-up:

HAVERHILL.	DUMMER.
Beliour, l. e.	l. e., Ray
Rhau (c), l. t.	l. t., Hanson
Mason, l. g.	l. g., Reese*
Manthorn, c.	c., Collins
Read, r. g.	r. g., Arones
Gillon, r. t.	r. t., Childs
Michey, r. e.	r. e., Caldwell
Gammon, g. b.	g. b., Rich
Blake, l. h.	l. h., Robson (c)
Hallham, r. h.	r. h., Gifford
Burns, q. b.	q. b., Whitlock

*Reese loaned by Haverhill.

Time of halves: 15 minutes. Touchdowns—Haverhill 6. Goals from touchdowns—Haverhill 2.

Dummer 6. Georgetown 5.

On Saturday, October 10th, Dummer opened its regular football season by defeating Georgetown six to five on the South Byfield grounds.

Dummer opened the game by kicking off to Georgetown's 15-yard line. Georgetown then advanced the ball to the 25-yard line to lose it in a fumble; Whitlock falling on the ball. Whitlock made five yards towards centre, and Robson went around right end for twenty yards and a touchdown. He then kicked an easy goal. The ball then was kept in the middle of the field for the greater part of the half, but towards the close Georgetown, by long end runs, scored a touchdown, but failed to kick the goal.

In the second half play was about even and no scoring was done.

Robson and Whitlock were the most consistent ground gainers for Dummer, as was Gurley for Georgetown.

Hanson, Arones, Childs and Carver showed up exceedingly well in their line. Rich at quarter again did not put the snap and vigor into his plays that he should, and this caused the low score for Dummer.

Toward the close of the game, Carver slipped and fell, breaking his collar bone, which will keep him out of the game for the rest of the season. The team will feel the loss of Carver very much, as he was a good, hard, and steady player.

The line-up:

DUMMER.	GEORGETOWN.
Carver, l. e.	l. e., Hould
Ray, l. t.	
L. Rogers, l. g.	l. g., Casey
Hanson, c.	c., Hazen
Arones, r. g.	r. g., Poor
Childs, r. t.	
Caldwell, r. e.	r. e., J. Riley
Rich, g. b.	g. b., Gurley (c)
Robson (c) l. h.	l. h., Kimball
Gifford, r. h.	r. h., Fairbanks
Whitlock, f. b.	q. b., W. Riley

Touchdowns—Robson, Gurley. Goals from touchdowns—Robson.

Referee: Hawkins, D. A.
Umpire: Robinson, Georgetown.
Timers: Allen, D. A.
Linesman: Blair, D. A.

Amesbury High Cancels.

The game scheduled with the Amesbury High School team for Saturday, October 17th, at Amesbury was called off on account of Amesbury's inability to get a full team together at the last minute.

Dummer 0. Newburyport High 23.

On Saturday, October 24, Dummer played one of the most important games of the season. Though badly crippled by the loss of four of its best men through injuries, the rest of the team would not listen to proposals of postponement, but preferred, utterly disabled as they were, to meet all the chances of the game against a team which weighed at least fifteen pounds heavier per man. Such pluck, however, was worthy of better fortune.

The team showed its fighting spirit from the very outset. Newburyport kicked off to Dummer and downed Childs on the 25 yard line. With surprising dash and vim, the team advanced the ball straight down the field, almost tearing the local players off their feet. Finally, however, the high school held together on their 25 yard line and gained the ball. Here their tremendous superiority of weight was particularly felt. Notwithstanding the manful efforts of Dummer, and especially the brilliant tackles of Robson, the high school by straight line plunging literally pushed their way up the field for the first touchdown. The goal was then easily kicked.

In much the same way the three other touchdowns were gained. The result, of course, was hardly for a moment in doubt. Yet by no sign of flagging energy, did Dummer indicate that it despaired of ultimate victory. The boys played football, sternly and vigorously till the final whistle. In point of fact when the last whistle blew Dummer was in possession of the ball on the high school's 40 yard line and was advancing it irrisistably down the field. Dummer lost the game to be sure, but by its dogged struggle against great odds, revealed a splendid fighting spirit of which, surely, no shame can be spoken.

In particular, the admirable work of Robson deserves the highest praise. Whether the line was to be smashed through or a difficult tackle to be made, he was there at the right moment ready for the work. His carrying of the ball, as well as the line plunging of Saunders, the halfback of Newburyport, were the features of the game which aroused enthusiastic interest in the spectators.

The line up was as follows:

NEWBURYPORT HIGH.		DUMMER.
Hardy, (Little), le		re Caldwell
(c) Ayers, (Kelleher), lg		
Weare, (Tucker), lt		rt Ray
		rg (Poore) Jordan
Eliot (Herrick), c		c Collins
Winder (McKinney), rg		lg Hanson
Perkins, (Newcomb), rt		lt Rogers
Doyle, (Worcester), re		le Holden
Kane, (Langdon), qb		qb Rich
Saunders, (Murphy), lhb		rhb Childs
Ryan, rhb		lhb Robson (c)
Kenney, fb		fb Whitlock

Score—N. H. S.,23. Dummer, 0. Touchdowns—Kenney 2, Ryan, Saunders, 1; Goals from touchdowns—Ryan, 3; Umpire—Kenney; Referee, Simmons; Linesmen, Andrews, Thurlow, Allen, Pettengill; Time—20 and 15 minute periods.



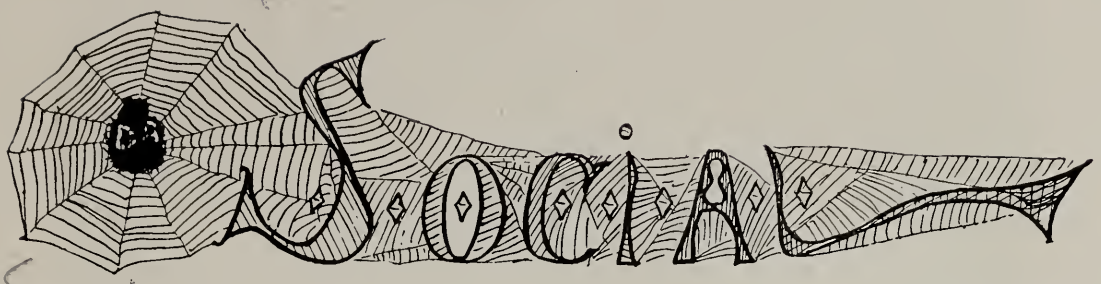
We are glad to acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges:

The Academy Graduate, Newburgh, N. Y.; The Advance, S. H. S.; The A. H. S. Clarion, The Wind Mill, St. John's School, Manlius, N. Y.; The T. H. S. Stylus; The Aegis, Beverly High School; The Tattler, Nashua High School; The Wesleyan Garnet and Blue, Wilbraham, Mass.; The Stoneham High School Authentic; The Concord High School Voice, Concord; The Students' Review, Northampton High School; The Main Campus, Orono, Maine; The College Signal, M. A. C.; The Calendar, Central High School, Buffalo, N. Y.; The Item, Dorchester High School; The Wesleyan Argus; The Maverick, Allen Academy, Bryan, Texas; The Vermont Academy Life, Saxtons River, Vermont; The High School Bulletin, Lawrence; The Herald, Holyoke High School; The Drury Academe, North Adams; The Milton Orange and Blue, Milton; The Review, Lowell High School; The Middlebury Campus, Middlebury, Vermont; The Wilkes Barre High School Journal, Wilkes Barre, Pa.; The Greylock Echo, Adams High School.

As this is the first issue of the ARCHON for this year, it is a fitting time to express the urgent desire and need that the students of the school show more interest than ever before in the different exchanges which come to us from month to month. If the exchange editors might feel that each and every pupil takes a personal interest in the magazines which have been selected, and comment upon them in their own paper it would be a great encouragement in making the exchange column valuable and helpful.

In regard to the comments in our exchange columns, we believe that criticisms should be fair and without prejudice, that praise certainly should be bestowed when deserved, and that all remarks should be taken in the friendly spirit in which they are given.

We wish, also, to extend a hearty welcome to all our old exchanges and hope, that before long the familiar papers will begin to appear regularly again, and that, profiting by the helpful suggestions of other schools, we may better our own paper, thus making this year a most successful one for the ARCHON.



1905

Last Saturday evening, the 24th a very small and informal dance was held in the Gym. The dance was gotten up, thinking that the electricity would be on, but the last moment the engineer balked and we were forced to light the Gym as best we could with lamps.

We still had another upset when the piano player 'phoned that he found he had another engagement for the evening, so Misses Gould, Rogers, Clark and Mr. Preston took turns "tickling the ivories."

As the cars were three quarters of an hour late it was not necessary to have a special car.

Those who attended were the following:

Dr. and Mrs. Ingham; Misses Gould, Rogers, Clark, Fernald, Lovett, Ingalls and Kimball of Newburyport; Miss Caldwell, Byfield; Miss Marshall, Rowley; Miss Ford, Lynn; Messrs. Allen, Cunningham, Hawkins, Robson, Rich, Marr, Ray, H. Holden, R. Holden, Childs, Caldwell, Whitlock, Blair, Carver and Preston.

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